

## EPISTLE 9

To a certain

Pam 50

## DEAN,

Written Originally in *Italian*, by *Carlo Monte Socio*, Fellow of the Academy of the *Humoristi* in *Rome*, and translated from the *Vatican Manuscript*.

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By a Student in Philosophy.

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*Principiis Obsta.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed, and *Dublin* re-printed in the  
Year 1730.

152



A N  
EPISTLE

To a certain

D E A N.

TO wake the Soul by tender strokes of  
Art,  
To mend the Genious and improve the  
Heart:  
Was C----e's Design---- But what was his  
Success?

I leave to all discerning Heads to guess:  
When

---

A N N O T A T I O N S.

[Line 1.] Instead of the second Line;  
MARTINUS *Snarlereus* would have alter'd it in  
*bunc*

( 4 )

When all was silent, and th' attentive Ear ,  
 Confest a vast Impatience to be near,  
 C---e mounts the Pulpit, hush'd is every  
       Noise  
 Of F--ll--w, Scholars, Porters, But-  
       chers, boys;  
 Silent as Night, or Wind the Leaves among,  
 In calm Suspension stood the list'ning  
       Throng;  
10  
To

## A N N O T A T I O N S.

*bunc modum*, as suiting better the Character of our Hero.

‘ To stamp the Christian on the Heathens Heart: But the Author bearing the utmost Regard to the Text, would not content to have it any way defac’d,

*Ut testatur Macrobius.*

[Line 8.] Men naturally acquainted with our Hero's Parts, and competent Judges of the many Beauties that adorn'd his Discourse, 'twas observ'd they were remarkably silent during the time of divine Service, as if impatient to behold him in the *Rostrum*. Wonderful!

[Line 9.] *Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa*

Co-

( 5 )

- To hear our Hero stood the Throng that  
Day,

To hear a F--ll--w his bright Parts display;  
And oh ye Gods! how he display'd his  
Part,

With what a Force of Elegance and Art,  
Be Judge his Audience, every melted  
Heart:

When lo! the Text is given out--- he stands  
Strait in the Pulpit, and puts forth his Hands,  
Calmly he argues on the gravest Theme,  
For Scripture Precepts need no useless Flame,  
Exa-

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## A N N O T A T I O N S.

*Cerantes quorum stupefactæ carmine Lynces  
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

*Virg.*

17. *Sublatis ad sidera Palmis*: This Passage is much disputed by the Criticks, *Berkeley* will have it--- and Erect he stands; But the Incoherence of this, with the Line going before, and the visible stoop our Hero has in his Shoulders, is among others, an invincible Argument of his absurd Notions: Whereas *Graffius* with little better Reason Swears, He found it run thus in the old *M. S.*--- and his Wigg Expands. *Utrum horum magis Accipe.*

[Line. 20.] Alluding to a Distich of the  
*Dunciad*,

Examines Truth so many several ways 20  
 That 'tis at length confounded in a Maze :  
 Go on, great Sir, nor let a Blunder pass,  
 A Commentator much exceeds an Ass.  
 'Twas thus the Muse could she her Counsel  
                     keep,  
 Heard your soft Sermon, heard herself to  
                     Sleep, 28  
 Lull'd on a Bench, forgetful of the Day ; \*  
 Or C---e expounding Morals, *in his Way,*  
                                             Hand-

## A N N O T A T I O N S.

*Dunciad*, where *Tibbald* is suppos'd to say of himself in his Speech to the Goddesses Dullness---

For thee explain a Thing till all Men doubt it,  
 And write about it, Goddess, and about it ;

*S N A R L.*

\* *Sunday at St. Patrick's.*

[*Line 26.*] The foremention'd Criticks fell to Loggerheads, about this important Clause: But *Grafonius* having the most solid penetrating Pate, prov'd by weighty Arguments on his Adversary, that it ought to be rather--out of his way-- Since all conclude *ipso facto*, He knew nothing of the Matter. *Tannaquil Faber.*

Handling a Subject with uncommon Sense,  
 And venting all his Spleen in Eloquence;  
 Regardless Muse ! to all his Merit Blind, 30  
 Lost to his Proofs, distinguish'd in their  
 kind;  
 Lost in what Thought, could you refuse to  
 hear,  
 Doctrine so solid, Scripture Proof so clear,  
 Where he profoundly strives to prove to Sense  
 From man's Phisogmony a Providence; 35  
 And to confirm a Providential Course,  
 Thought *writing speaking* of sufficient Force :  
 But Sleep had laid his Mace upon her Eyes,  
 Nor woke the Muse, 'till all began to rise,  
 The

## A N N O T A T I O N S.

[Line 31.] Not that I'd have you to think  
 they fell short of our Expectation.

*SNARL.*

[Line 34.] Far be it from us to suspect,  
 gentle Reader, that our Hero would be guilty  
 of Plagiarism, or would be beholden for a Hint  
 either to *Derham* or *Dr. Burnet*--C--e--C--e's a-  
 bove it, *noverant Universis*; this Note partly  
*Mon Socia*, partly *Snarlerus*--

The Sermon done, she mingles with the  
 Owls,  
 And walks in Order with her Brother Fools. 40

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# A N N O T A T I O N S.

[*Line the last.*] An Old Ridiculous Custom  
 of drowning Rats in *Lent*.

*Grovius. Vale et frange.*

# F I N I S.



